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## WEEKLY MUSEUM,

OR

POLITE REPOSITORY

OF

## AMUSEMENT AND INSTRUCTION.

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NO. 8

## ST. HERBERT.

A TALE.

(Continued.)

I STARTED up, and to my great astonishment, beheld *Buller* standing before me. 'Dear Mr. St. Herbert,' said he, 'follow me directly, for I believe my dear Miss Louisa is dying.' My breath stopt as he spoke. I made him no answer, but seizing his hand, hurried with him to the chamber where she was—as he opened the door, *Maurisson* met me and would have taken my hand, but I repulsed him with fury, and flew to the couch where *Louisa* reclined. Upon hearing my hasty steps she raised her head, opened upon me her charming eyes; but Oh, how languid, how changed; fierce distress had tarnished their lustre, and had frightened the roses from her cheeks; a deadly paleness sat on every feature, and a bluish purple stained those lips that could once compare with the ruby! I kneeled at her feet and gazed upon her face without uttering a word, for the distress of my heart was too great. She perceived it, and encircling my neck with her arms, feebly

strained me to her breast, and attempting to smile, said, 'Why all this sorrow, my Love, do I not embrace you again? You grieve upon my account, but cheer up—possess of you once more, I shall soon recover.' *Maurisson* drew near.—'Forgive, my son,' said he, 'forgive the mistaken zeal of a disappointed old man, I did not know your worth—your father and I have borne a long hatred to each other, and I was foolish enough to suffer an ill-grounded dislike to rest upon his son; but forgive me;' and the tears ran plentifully down his withered face. I was going to reply, when *Louisa*, loosing her hold, begged me to retire with her uncle. At that moment the farmer's wife came in. We retired, and I traversed the next room in sullen silence for near an hour, the old man was walking by my side and wringing his hands, when the Indian girl called us.—I obeyed the summons instantly, and on entering the apartment, found my wife (for I must still call her so) in bed.—'Here my St. Herbert,' said she, as I approached her, 'see what a present your expiring spouse makes you;' she placed a beautiful infant in my hands, 'take her,' added she, as the only recompence I can now offer you for all

if possible ; accordingly, I evaded every conversation that would tend to a renewal of our regret ; however, as my health increased, I perceived with infinite concern, that his was fast declining, and that though he appeared pleasant in my presence, yet a heavy melancholy had instamped itself upon every feature ; he courted solitude, and often when I was busy in the garden, would leave me under pretence of taking rest ; observing that his malady took deeper root daily, I began to suspect, that the woe he would not speak, preyed upon his heart, and that he cherished it in some other place. I therefore followed him at a distance, the next time he left me, and saw his aged feet enter the place where my love slept in silence. He bent over the marble, like a fond mother, over the couch of an expiring only child ; with united hands, and looks of unutterable anguish, ‘ dear inmate (at length sobbed he) how didst thou fade before thy prime ; how early was thy little cup of joy dashed with bitterness, but thou tastest it no more ; no, it is I who am left to drain the dregs, and bewail mine own imprudence.’

“ I stifled my tears, and knelt down by his side, grasping his hand, ‘ and is it thus (said I) that you endeavour to shorten the period that Providence has allotted you ? Is it thus, you endeavour to deprive me, and my little Louisa, of our best, our only friend ? You have sympathized with, and comforted me ; alas, you want that comfort yourself. Let me I pray undertake the gentle office, of attempting to bestow it.’ So saying, I placed his arm under mine, and led him to our habitation.

“ ‘ My George,’ said he as he seated himself, ‘ I feel that my end is fast approaching ; yet you will have no occasion to lament ; I have brought you sorrow my son, and can make you no compensa-

tion. True, I leave you my estate—a vast one—but what are riches to a man who is deprived of the woman of his affections ; the idol of his heart !’—As he said this an unusual tenderness softened his voice ; he fixt his eyes fondly on my face, and the tear that stood upon his cheek assumed a new brilliance, from the glow suffused beneath it—he continued ; ‘ As but the barrier of perhaps a few fleeting days divides me from the invisible regions, I will unfold to you a secret, which none but myself knows, and which I had determined should be concealed with me in the grave ; but fate decrees otherwise.—Barbarous and hard hearted, though you have found me, yet I was not always so ; no, I was once gentle and kind as yourself ; but ill-requited love, and abused friendship, changed my nature, and instead of being the humane mortal my Creator had made me, I became ferocious as a beast of the wilderness—yes, in my youth I loved your mother, even to idolatry, and your father was my confidant, for I thought him my friend—but he deceived me cruelly, for in the hour that I expected to call her mine, to be blest with her forever, the mask was dropt—and I saw with horror, that the superior fortune of your father, had gained the consent of her avaricious parents to render him happy, and make me spend my days in misery.’

(To be continued.)

#### CORRUPTION.

Of all vices, both public and private, the most pernicious as well as the most odious, is corruption. Corruption whether in public or private individuals, becomes epidemical, and depravation of morals or manners, spreads like a leprosy over a whole nation.

## VANITY AND FLATTERY.

## A VISION.

I IMAGINED that I was in the midst of an immense crowd, who were eagerly pressing towards a large edifice, situated upon the summit of a lofty hill. Finding it impossible to retreat, I quietly suffered myself to be borne along by the violence of the multitude till I arrived at what I found, on a nearer survey, to be a temple. On entering it, the first object which attracted my attention was a figure seated on a throne, and adorned with the ensigns of sovereignty. Her head was encircled by a fillet, which reflected all the colours of the rainbow, and every moment the light tissue of her drapery, presented a thousand hues to the eyes of the beholder. But what most surprised me was the facility with which she changed not only the form and colours of her robes, but even their texture. At one moment she was arrayed in the light drapery of a city belle; at another, in the coarse habiliments of a justice beauty. Now she assumed the dress and manner of a secluded student; and now appeared in all the magnificence of a courtier. Her waist was encircled with a zone studded with the wings of a butterfly; in her left hand she held a mirror and with her right she waved a sceptre of iron.

One step lower, upon her right hand, sat a person whose sole occupation appeared to be to pour out a liquid into a golden cup, which ever and anon he presented to the lips of his sovereign. The appearance of this personage was not less singular than that of her to whom he was ministering. His form was shrouded by a veil of splendid whiteness, but although at first glance it dazzled the eyes of those who ventured to behold it, yet it could not conceal from the penetrat-

ing observer the deformity it was intended to cover.

Struck with amazement at this scene, and at beholding the innumerable crowds which bent the knee to this capricious and ever-varying sovereign, I could not refrain from asking some explanation from a person whose dark and animated eye appeared to be the index of intelligence. The stranger readily complied with my request, and quickly glancing his eye over the crowd as he spoke "You behold," said he, "a motley collection from every nation in the world, assembled to proclaim their obedience to the empire of Vanity. She is the offspring of Pride and Folly, and has inherited the arrogance of the one and the weakness of the other. She possesses an unbounded sway over mankind, and influences their conduct in almost every pursuit in which they engage. But the constant state of imbecility in which she is kept by drinking the intoxicating draught which is presented by her attendant, renders almost all her measures injurious to her subject; and there are few indeed who do not suffer want and wretchedness in consequence of their being under the dominion of Vanity." And who, said I, is the attendant? "His name," replied my informer, "is Flattery. He is the prime minister of Vanity, and though he may appear to your eyes to be perfect deformity, yet so little is the penetration of his sovereign, that to her he appears beautiful as an inhabitant of the heavens."

He had scarcely spoken these words, when a confused noise was heard at the entrance of the Temple, and the cry of "Justice" resounded from every quarter. At the sound the cup trembled in the hands of Flattery, and the sceptre of Vanity fell from her grasp. Flattery attempted to conceal himself among the crowd, but a band of Lictors, advancing



Seized him, chained him side by side with Vanity, and conducted both before the tribunal of Justice and Mercy. Impelled by curiosity to see what would be the sentence pronounced upon these culprits, who had so long been permitted to tyrannize over mankind, I followed the crowd, and entered the abode of those primeval judges of mankind.

The trumpet of Judgment resounded through the hall, "Who is the accuser of the tyrant and her minion?" In a moment the roof burst in twain, and a celestial form descended: brightness encircled her head, and upon her breast was inscribed, in letters of flame, "Truth, the first and darling attribute of the Almighty." "I am the accuser," said the celestial visitant. "But I accuse not Vanity—I accuse him who has been the cause of her crimes; Vanity would never have caused Misery, unless Flattery had first inebriated her with his fascinating cup."

Justice rose from her throne; I condemn," said she, "the tyrant to wander in exile an outcast from society: for her failings, though destructive to mankind, have been those of weakness rather than of malice; but the iniquitous partner in her guilt I condemn to instant death." All eyes were now eagerly directed to the countenance of Mercy. The venerable Judge arose, mildness beamed from her countenance, and, as she spoke, her words were tempered with a smile. "I do not blame," said she, "the decision of Justice, but the object may be accomplished without so much rigour. It is enough to strip Flattery of the dazzling veil which shrouds his deformity, and to restrain him from offering the cup of intoxication. It is enough to condemn Vanity to behold the hideous form of her sycophant, and to subject her to the tormenting desire of that cup which it is no longer in her power to receive."

Thus Mercy spake, and immediately her orders were executed. The cup was dashed from the hand of Flattery, and the veil was torn from his countenance. But no sooner had Vanity beheld him in his native deformity, than she uttered a cry of such horror mingled with despair, that I awoke with the fright that it occasioned.—*Analectic Magazine.*

#### CELEBRATION OF MAY DAY.

In the Isle of Man the Month of May is every year ushered in with a ceremony which has something in the design of it pretty enough. In most of the great parishes, they choose from among the daughters of the farmers a young maid, the queen of the May; she is dressed in the gayest manner, and is attended by twenty others as maids of honour: She has also a young man, who is her captain, and a number of inferior officers. In opposition to her is the queen of Winter; a man dressed in woman's clothes, with woolen hoods, fur tippets, and the warmest habits one upon another. In this manner are her attendants dressed; and she has also a captain and troop for her defence—each party equipped as emblems of the beauty of Spring and the deformity of Winter. One party is preceded by violins and flutes; the other with the rough music of tongs and cleavers. Both companies march till they meet on a common, and then their trains have a mock engagement. If the Queen of Winter's forces get the better, so as to take the queen of May prisoner, she is ransomed for what pays the expences of the day. After the ceremony, Winter and her company retire, and divert themselves in a barn; and the others remain on the green, when having danced a considerable time, they conclude the evening with a feast—the queen with her maids at one table and the captain with his troop at another.

## PRIVATE LIFE

## OF THE EGYPTIAN LADIES.

In Europe, women act parts of great consequence, and often reign sovereigns on the world's vast theatre: they influence manners and morals, and decide on the most important events; the fate of nations is frequently in their hands. How different in Egypt, where they are bowed down by the fetters of slavery, condemned to servitude, and have no influence in public affairs—Their empire is confined within the walls of the Harem. There are their graces and charms entombed. The circle of their life extends not beyond their own family and domestic duties.

Their first care is to educate their children, and a numerous posterity is their most fervent wish. Mothers always suckle their children. This is expressly commanded by Mahomet, "Let the mother suckle her child full two years, if the child does not quit the breast; but she shall be permitted to wean it with the consent of her husband."

When obliged by circumstances to take a nurse, they do not treat her as a stranger—She becomes one of the family, and passes her days amidst the children she has suckled, by whom she is cherished and honoured as a second mother.

Racine, who possessed not only genius, but all the knowledge necessary to render genius conspicuous, stored with the learning of the finest works of Greece, and well acquainted with oriental manners, gives Phædra her nurse, as her sole confidante. The wretched queen, infected by a guilty passion she could not conquer, while the fatal secret oppressed a heart that durst not unload itself, could not resolve to speak her thoughts to the tender *Ænone*, till the latter had said,

"Cruelle, quand ma soi vous a-telle decue  
Songez-vous, que'en naissant, mes bras vous  
out recue ?

"When, cruel queen, by me were you deceived? Did I not first receive you in these arms?"

The harem is the cradle and school of fancy. The new-born feeble being is not there swaddled and filleted up in a swathe, the source of a thousand diseases. Laid naked on a mat, exposed in a vast chamber to the pure air, he breathes freely, and with his delicate limbs sprawls at pleasure. The new element in which he is to live, is not entered with pain and tears. Daily bathed beneath his mother's eye, he grows apace. Free to act, he tries his coming powers; rolls, crawls, rises, and should he fall, cannot much hurt himself on the carpet or mat which covers the floor.

He is not banished his father's house when seven years old, and sent to college with the loss of health and innocence. He does not, it is true, acquire much learning. He perhaps can only read and write; but he is healthy, robust, fears God, respects old age, has filial piety, and delights in hospitality; which virtues continually practised in his family, remain deeply engraved in his heart.

The daughter's education is the same. Their only covering is a shift, till six years old; and the dress they afterwards wear, confines none of their limbs, but suffers the body to take its true form: and nothing is more uncommon than ricketty children and crooked people.—Man rises in all his majesty, and woman displays every charm of person in the East. In Georgia and Greece, those fine marking outlines, those admirable forms, which the Creator gave the chief of his works, are best preserved. Apelles would still find models worthy of his pencil there.

The care of their children does not wholly employ the women. Every other domestic concern is theirs. They overlook their households, and do not think themselves debased, by preparing their own food, and that of their husbands.—Former customs still subsisting, render these cares duties. Thus Sarah hastened to bake cakes upon the hearth, while angels visited Abraham, who performed the rights of hospitality. Menelaus thus intreats the departing Telemachus :

“ Yet stay, my friends, and in your chariot  
take

The noblest presents that our love can make:  
Mean time, commit we to our women's care  
Some choice domestic viands to prepare ”

*Pope's Odyssey Lib. 15.*

Subject to the immutable laws by which custom governs the east, the women do not associate with the men, not even at table,\* where the union of sexes produces mirth, and wit, and makes food more sweet. When the great incline to dine with one of their wives, she is informed, prepares the apartment, perfumes it with precious essences, procures the most delicate viands, and receives her lord with the utmost attention and respect. Among the common people, the women usually stand, or sit in the corner of the room, while the husband dines, often hold the bason for him to wash, and serve him at table.† Customs like these, which the Europeans rightly call barbarous, and exclaim against with justice, appear so natural here, that they

\* Sarah, who prepared the dinner for Abraham and his guests, sat not at table, but remained in her tent.

† I lately dined with an Italian, who had married an Egyptian woman, and assumed their manners, having long lived in that country. His wife and sister-in-law stood in my presence, and it was with difficulty I prevailed on them to sit at table with us, where they were extremely timid and disconcerted.

do not suspect it can be otherwise elsewhere. Such is the power of habit over man. What has been for ages, he supposes a law of nature.

Though thus employed, the Egyptian women have much leisure, which they spend among their slaves, embroidering sashes, making veils, tracing designs to decorate their sofas, and in spinning.—Such Homer painted the women of his times.

“ But not as yet the fatal news had spread  
To fair Andromache of Hector dead ;  
As yet no messenger had told his fate,  
Nor e'en his stay without the Sæan gate,  
Far in the close recesses of the dome,  
Pensive she ply'd the melancholy loom ;  
A growing work employ'd her secret hours,  
Confus'dly gay with intermingled flow'rs,  
Her fair hair'd handmaids heat the brazen  
urn,

The bath preparing for her lord's return.”

*Pope's Iliad, Lib. 22.*

(To be continued.)

#### SOLAR SPOTS.

As various opinions have been published relative to the Spots lately seen on the Sun, we give the following, from William Mavor, as the most modern opinion

#### OF THE SUN'S SUBSTANCE.

That glorious luminary which gives light and heat to creation, since the beginning of time, has been either the object of religious veneration, or of wonder and delight to the sons of men. The ignorant savage frequently worships the sun as the God of this lower world ; the astronomer, from a contemplation of its effects, rises to the source of all. The great mass of mankind, however, whether Christians, Jews, Mahometans, or Pagans, enjoy his splendour and his warmth, without troubling themselves about the substance with which he is composed.

The rustic, when he saw an astronomer levelling his telescope to the moon,



happy in his own ignorance, justly observed, "that whatever might be seen or said of that planet by the learned, they must ever be as far distant from it as he was." Yet let not this be construed as tending to ridicule philosophical inquiries. When pursued under the guidance of good sense and good principles, they cannot fail to render men more enlightened and devout. But the discordant hypotheses which astronomers form in subjects beyond the reach of human intelligence, ought to teach us modesty in argument, and diffidence in assertion.

The sun was long supposed to be an immense globe of fire; but Herchell, who has paid great attention to his spots, considers that luminary as similar to "the planets, and not a flaming orb. He calculates some of its mountains to be two hundred leagues in height.—According to this astronomer, the atmosphere of the sun is composed of different elastic fluids, some of which are luminous or phosphoric, others simply transparent. The former give the sun the appearance of a mass of light or fire; while the latter being only transparent, suffer his body to be seen—hence the maculae or spots. This able astronomer, whom royal munificence has naturalized in Britain, farther conceives the sun to be inhabited, as there is reason from analogy, to suppose that all the planets are.

On the other hand, Lalande, the French astronomer, thinks that the sun is really a solid mass; but that his surface and part of his body are composed of an inflammable fluid, which by any movement, leaves uncovered sometimes a portion of his body or his mountains; and that these constitute his spots; while professor Wilson considers the spots of this luminary as merely eruptions or volcanoes.

All these opinions are ingenious; but who shall decide on their truth, or which ought to be adopted in preference to the rest?

For the New-York Weekly Museum.

Mr. Editor.—As the following may not be uninteresting to your readers, by inserting it you will oblige

334.

"Here is Wisdom—let him that hath understanding count the number of the beast, for it is the Name of a Man, and his number is Six Hundred Three Score and Six."—*Revelations* xiii.—18.

A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	I	K
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10

L	M	N	O	P	Q	R	S	T
20	30	40	50	60	70	80	90	100

U	V	W	X	Y	Z
110	120	130	140	150	160

It is a curious fact that the Initials of Napoleon Buonaparte's name corresponds exactly with the number above referred to in the 18th chapter of the Revelations—as follow:

N 40

A 1

P 60

O 50

L 20

E 5

A 1

N 40

B 2

U 110

O 50

N 40

A 1

P 60

A 1

R 80

T 100

E 5

666

Virtue may suffer for a time, but the elements will war in vain to interrupt its final happiness—events will intervene, and the reward sooner or later will arrive.

### VARIETY.

When any one began to talk politics to Malherbe, he used to decline entering upon the subject, by saying, "Is it not absurd, when you are only a common passenger on board a ship, to talk of the manner in which the vessel should be navigated?"

### TEARS OF AFFECTION.

A young swindler hiring a lodging, said to the landlady, "I assure you I am so much liked that I never left a lodging but my landlady shed tears." Perhaps, said she, you always run off in her debt.

### FRENCH FASHIONS.

The fashionable ear-ring of the Paris ladies of the *TON*, were at the last dates, small milk pails. The handle, which is very large, passes through the ear: the pail is ivory, and the hoops and handles are of gold.

### OLD BACHELORS.

Of those unsocial beings, who suffer some of the fairest objects of creation to pine on the virgin throne, a very respectable writer thus expresses himself; "Their passions are in unison with the frozen regions of the arctic circle, and their sympathies with those timid animals, that are frightened at their own resemblance, and who never think themselves safe but in solitude. They eat their morsels alone, and call it happiness.

### QUIBELING.

A quibbling writer of the last century observes, with great quaintness, that when the *cannons* of princes began war, the authority of the *canons* of the church was destroyed. "It was," says he, "first *mitrum* that governed the world, and then *nitrum*; first *Saint Peter* and then *Salt Petre*."

False friends, says an Italian wit, are like the shade of a dial, which appears when the sky is clear, but is concealed when it is cloudy.

### A CURIOSITY.

There is exhibited in the Castle of Rozenburgh, in Copenhagen, a most valuable piece of art, viz.—an artificial vine, the grapes of which are cut out of a single emerald, and which is said to have been a present from the Emperor of Morocco to his Danish Majesty.

### THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON OUTDONE!

The London papers have published a list of this illustrious heroes titles, and they are little short of *fifty*! all, however, well earned. But among them all, we do not see one that bears any proportionate *brilliancy* to the titles enjoyed by an Indian Prince, who has lately left Warsaw for St Petersburg. He is the son and successor of the Emperor of Aracan, Duke of India. His name is Solomon Justini-Balsamin, but his titles are such as render all European ones less than *little*;—if we feel respect at hearing a Prince or a Duke named, what must be the *reverence*, and *veneration* inspired at hearing that he is called—"The friend and cousin of the most high, brother to the sun, great uncle (by his *mother's* side we suppose) to the moon, star of the morning, and chief star of all the big and *little* stars together Emperor of Aracan, King of Pegu and Ava, Grand Duke of India, Sovereign of the Sea, Grand Seigneur of the Golden Palace, and Knight of the Silver one; King of the elephants, tigers, lions, leopards, the terrible red dragons, and of all sorts of fish from a *whale* to a *shrimp*, etc. etc. etc. Surely the Emperor Alexander will be very civil to him, for who would quarrel with a personage so highly relat-



ed, and so gloriously magnificent!—We have heard that he sometimes condescends to eat and drink—of course for his amusement only! [Since writing the above, we learn that this 'Indian Prince' is an impostor.—*Boston Ev. Gaz.*]

#### A REFLECTION.

The highest degree of human happiness is not always the portion of the affluent, who eat and drink, and sleep, when and where they please. Gratification of any kind palls the appetite, and a continual sameness of indulgence creates disgust. A chequered life is the best and safest; it makes men thankful for prosperity, when they are favoured with it; and when, by too much indulgence, they are nearly lulled to sleep, dangers and personal hardships rouse, and more loud than a human voice, tell them, this is not their rest.

#### LIFE AND DEATH.

What is this life but a school of misery, a state of probation; our comforts few, our pleasures transient—our troubles many, our death certain, which closes the scene alike on the happy children of prosperity, and the care-worn sons of adversity! but ah! to the guilty he comes the king of terrors indeed; while to the child of virtue, he dresses himself in an angel's form—he assumes a seraph's office, for he breaks down the prison walls, and unbars the golden gates of bliss.

#### ANCIENT JEWISH MANUSCRIPT.

A Jewish manuscript of the five books of Moses, said to be about 1500 years old, and valued at 2600 guineas, is now in possession of Mr. Sums, of Darlington, Durham, Eng. It formerly belonged to a Jewish family of opulence, who were so reduced, in consequence of the late wars in Europe, as to dispose of it, to

obtain sustenance: and had been in the family for 800 years. This original copy is of leather; it is in two volumes, about two feet wide, and measures 169 feet long. It is supposed of goat skin leather, and is most excellently dressed, so as to have an exquisite softness to the touch. Each sheet of skin is divided into pages, five inches and a half in width. The letters are very large and not only most excellently written, but ornamented with a number of Tagin or Coronac, which is a thing peculiar to the most ancient manuscripts. Each sheet of leather is stiched very neatly to the others with a kind of substance, in appearance not unlike cat-gut.

A lady observing in company how glorious and useful a body the sun was: "The sun to be sure, cries a wise-acre present, "is a very fine body; but in my opinion, the moon is much more useful; for the moon affords us light in the night time, when we really want it; but the sun is only with us in the day time, when we have no occasion for it."

A young fellow of loose principles being accused of being a Rake—he replied that his father was the *Rake* and he the *fork*; for his father raked the money together, and he scattered it.

#### A WISE FOOL.

When Francis the first, King of France, was to march his army into Italy, he consulted with his captains, how to lead them over the Alps. Among his fool lying hid in a corner, sprang out, and advised them rather to take care which way they should bring them back again!

A late Paris paper says:—An incorrigible punster, describing an eminent lawyer and his wife, said there was a very little difference between them, he being a *term-agent* and she a *term-agent*.

## Seat of the Muses.

The following lines are from "The Rhode-Island American." They appear to be written under the impression of Wrong done to a virtuous female.

O CHARIS! ere thy spirit fled,  
And left its lovely mortal shrine,  
Companion of th' unconscious dead;  
O Charis, what a heart was thine.

Wrong'd, sainted shade, this aching heart,  
And thine which loves or aches no more,  
Were so entwin'd, that but to part  
It seem'd would rend them to the core.

But one was false, and one was true;  
And now a dreadful debt remains:  
Let falsehood pay the forfeit due,  
And deep repentance be the pains.

But whither shall the guilty go,  
His debt to pay, thy heart to heal;  
That heart is broken, cold and low;  
And thou, nor love nor wrong canst feel

Nor thou the offering wouldst receive;  
Tho' heaven had given thee still to live;  
Nor hear the soul repentant grieve,  
Or listen only to forgive.

Ere long, this heart shall cease to ache,  
Or love, or beat, and be like thine;  
Too hard to thee, too tough to break,  
This rock will waste, this oak decline.

I go, I haste, to tell them where  
My Charis lies, and why she died;  
And pray them for the love they bear,  
To lay me at my Charis' side.

There, while the race of mortal men,  
Strive o'er our heads and pass away,  
And leave a race to strive again;  
We'll silent wait the final day.

And at the summons from above,  
Together leave our earthy cells;  
And thou, with lips of grace and love,  
Shall plead my cause where mercy dwells.

Blest more than all's the poor man's fate,  
Because his bosom fears no change of fate.

The following elegant lines are from the first number of "The Nantucket Gaz." a very handsomely executed paper.

### ON THE FATE OF THE WASP.

SONS of the Ocean—thy glory has faded,  
For fame will no more deck thy brows with  
her wreath:

The splendour of triumph, forever is shaded,  
Forever is hush'd in the stillness of death.

Weave for the Heroes, ye Naiads a festoon,  
Crown them with laurels who conquer'd  
in war:

Sound high your loud shells, ye Tritons of  
Neptune;

Let th' echo be heard by the nations afar.

Praise to the Heroes, whose days are now  
ended,

Give praise to the Heroes, we honor and  
love,

Who bravely the rights of the Ocean de-  
fended,

Who snatch'd from the Eagle the thunders  
of Jove.

Take, O ye Muses, your harps from the  
willow,

For th' ensign of death has enshrouded the  
brave,

Catch your high notes from the surge of the  
billow,

"For th' death-angel flaps his broad wings  
o'er the wave."

### TO ANNA.

No more the scene's empurpled o'er  
With winter's unrelenting breath;  
Nor direful gloom from shore to shore,  
Sits brooding on the face of death.  
Serenely from the eastern skies,  
The smiles of rosy morning break;  
With orient dimm'd, the raptur'd eyes  
Yield many a charm they fondly seek.

Now, gentle maid, in yonder cot,  
Whose roof peeps o'er the mountains side,  
Partake the sweets in humble lot,  
Affords the swain of simple pride.  
Around us, May, with nurt'ring hand,  
Shall rear the rose and flow'ret blue;  
Soft foliage waving o'er our land,  
Still more enrich the chequer'd view.

And sweetly from the sylvan cell,  
 Shall echo many a virgin's strain :  
 And eve's mild goddess softly tell,  
 What sports rejoice the neighb'ring plain.  
 On autumn's bosom, oft reclin'd,  
 We'll view the starry trains of night :  
 And each, with calm contented mind,  
 Trudge homeward by their radiant light.

Beneath the wings of sweet repose,  
 'Till morn, in gentle slumbers rest ;  
 And when light's feeble shades disclose  
 The orient sky's transparent breast ;  
 To hail the lambkins tender bleat,  
 That trembles from the tinkling fold,  
 And the lark's song, divinely sweet,  
 Will loose the chains of their soft hold.

Fleet time shall wing improv'd away,  
 And every hour fresh joys impart ;  
 Though youth's fair blossoms feel decay,  
 Yet love shall warm our aged heart.  
 Then, vestal maiden ! sooth the breast  
 A fondest love devotes to thee ;  
 And, in the bands of Hymen blest,  
 The joys of realms shall yield to thee.

According to a late Liverpool, (Eng.) paper the following Enigma has baffled British ingenuity to discover its meaning.—A solution of it, therefore, by any of our American readers, will be peculiarly acceptable to us :—*Boston Ev. Gaz.*

## ENIGMA,

Written at the request of a Young Lady.  
*"You shall seek all the day ere you find me,  
 and when found I am not worth the search."*

I DESCEND from a Prince of the highest re-  
 nown,  
 And my mother is nearly allied to the  
 crown ;  
 I have palaces many, King George has not  
 more,  
 And, to wait my commands, I have servants  
 a score.  
 When triumphant the flag of Old England's  
 unfurl'd,  
 And her thunder is heard in all parts of the  
 world,  
 By the tar I am seen in the heat of the fight,  
 And I ne'er quit my post whilst the foe is in  
 sight :  
 But the battle once over away then I fly,  
 And aloft, like the Eagle, I soar through the  
 sky

Till proud London I gain where much greet-  
 ed am I :

With great glee my friend John hears the  
 tale that I bear,

And the streets blaze with splendour, and  
 shouts rend the air—

At Wakefield I'm seen on the Cliff and Law-  
 Hill,

And am found in the river quite close to the  
 mill.

When mild spring with sweet flowers be-  
 spangles the plain,

And the Blackbird and Cuckoo are heard  
 once again.

To Health's lovely sweet village I gaily  
 repair,

Or to Crofton I ramble to breathe the pure  
 air,

Where I walk in the Ring with the young  
 blooming fair.—

I am tall as a giant, and short as Tom  
 Thumb,

And, tho' wrinkled with age, I am still in  
 my bloom :

Like a cricket I skip, or a harpsichord jack,  
 And sometimes on the road I am us'd like a  
 hack :

I often am seen with the young and the gay,  
 And am sure to be found at the ball and the  
 play,

I walk at the side of each soldier and sailor,  
 And sit on the shop-board with every tailor.

But I've now said enough ; you'll have me  
 that's certain ;

You'll see me the first time you draw up the  
 curtain.

As buxom young SUSAN was riding of late  
 On a turnpike, the toll-man forbade her the  
 gate,

Unless she paid nine-pence, this SUSAN re-  
 fus'd

And ask'd by what right she was stopp'd  
 and abus'd.

Then up on the sign-board the toll-man of  
 course,

Pointing, said, you see "Nine-pence for  
 each man and horse."

"Ah ! ha ! (replied SUSAN) then why need  
 I care ?

"For I am a woman ; my beast is a mare."

Envy, that views with pain another's pelf,  
 With her own hand assassinates herself.



NEW-YORK,  
SATURDAY, MAY 18, 1816.

## Intelligence.

A Nassau paper of April 13th, says, His Majesty's brig *Variable* left Jamaica about a month ago, in search of several pirates who are reported to have committed various depredations and cruelties in and about the Gulf of Mexico; and captured among the Keys near Honduras, a Piratical vessel which has been sent to Jamaica.

Forty-six British and American subjects detained at Santa Martha and Carthagena as prisoners, have been delivered up by the Spanish authorities, and have arrived at Kingston in H. M. S. *Drake*.

The negroes in the island of Barbadoes are said to have raised an insurrection, and destroyed the buildings of several plantations.

Ferdinand VII. has consented to abolish the slave-trade of importing more negroes.

*Phenomenon.* On the 31st of Dec. last there was a fall of snow in Terra-mo, Italy, for six hours; its colour was red and yellow. The people thought it a mark of divine displeasure, and formed processions to appease it: but the truth is, that a reddish powder or snow has often fallen near *Vesuvius* and other volcanoes.—*Col.*

### CONCILIATORY TOAST.

At the last Lord Mayor's feast in London, Mr. ADAMS, our Minister, gave the following toast:—"Henceforth may there be no division between Great-Britain and America but the ocean; and may the friendship now subsisting between the two nations be as lasting as the language and principles common to both."

This toast was received with repeated shouts of applause.

A most destructive fire broke out on the 12th February at St. Johns, Newfoundland, which destroyed 130 dwelling houses, besides the Methodist meeting house, and two Printing Offices. The aggregate pecuniary loss has been moderately estimated at upwards of 100,000*l* sterling; and about 150 persons were driven to seek new abodes in the most inclement month of a Newfoundland winter.

A letter from Waterford, (Ohio) of April 20, to a gentleman in this town, advises that a fatal epidemic prevails in that place and its vicinity. Adults, and robust and plethorick subjects are the principal victims of this formidable disease, which terminates in 8 or 9 days. It has robbed 40 children of their parents, in the immediate neighborhood of the author of the letter, to which a postscript is added, stating, that *thirty new cases* had occurred in a settlement about 9 miles down the Muskingum.—*R. Island Amer.*

England has given the King of Sardinia two frigates for the protection of his States, which suffer much by the daily incursion of the Barbary pirates.

There has lately been exhibited in England, a waggon with double shafts lengthways, and with an adjusting screw, by which means, in going up hill a portion of the load is distributed on the horses backs, equally on the leader as the shafts; and in going down hill the weight is thrown on the hind wheels—thus preventing the necessity of any drag the horses descend with ease. It was highly approbated.

M. Laine, president of the French Legislative body, in a late speech, said the people of Louisiana are attached to the Bourbons, and he hopes, ere long, to

see them restored to their country, and to see them represented in that house!

The recent failures in Scotland are said to amount to 10 millions sterling—in Glasgow, one house for 400,000*l.* another 800,000*l.*

A French sloop of war, it is said, arrived off the city of St. Domingo, on the 21st of March, to cruize against Christophe, and reported that two frigates had also sailed for the same purpose.

Accounts from different parts of Europe, state the last winter as uncommonly severe in that quarter, and that immense numbers of sheep and oxen were lost in the northern parts, by the severity of the weather.

#### THE WEATHER.

We do not recollect to have witnessed a more distressing drought, than that which at this time visits every portion of our country. We daily hear of its disastrous effects, blasting the fairest hopes of the husbandman. In some parts of the country they are ploughing up and re-planting the corn. The temperature of the weather with us is very fluctuating—the evenings and mornings generally so cold as to render a fire quite agreeable. The earth is so parched, that the atmosphere is continually impregnated with a fine dust, very injurious to respiration. To this cause, doubtless, in a great measure, is to be ascribed the unhealthiness of the surrounding country.—We learn that an Epidemic prevails in North Carolina, particularly in the vicinity of Edenton, which is almost as destructive as the Plague of Egypt. Our *Borough* has been much favored so far; but unless we have some salubrious showers soon, we fear we shall have as little to boast of on the score of health, as we have in the prospect which the circumjacent country presents to those who supply our markets.—*Norfolk Beacon, May 9.*

#### NUPTIAL.

##### MARRIED,

By the rev. Mr. Berrian, John Sedgfield, esq. to Mrs. Ellen Ludlow.

By the rev. Dr. Mathews, Mr. Robert Green, to Miss Maria Toulau, both of this city.

By the rev. John Williams, Mr Samuel Davidson, to Miss Jane Williamson, both of this city.

By the same, Mr. James Ragan, to Miss Mary Conklin, both of this city.

By the rev. Mr. Grigg, Nathaniel L. Prentiss, of this city, to Miss Sarah F. Gordon, daughter of Elisha Gordon, esq. of Holmsburg, Penn.

By the rev. Dr. Milledoller, the rev. Mr. Cornelius Vermull, to Miss Sarah Post, daughter of John I. Post, of this city.

At the Narrows, on the 9th inst. by the rev. Mr. Duryee, lieut. F. N. Berier, of the U. S. Army, to Miss Sarah Van Dyke of New Utrecht (L. I.)

#### OBITUARY.

The City Inspector reports the death of 45 persons during the week ending on Saturday the 11th Inst.

##### DIED,

Capt. William Slocum, aged 57.

Mr. Francis Griffith.

Mrs. Eleanor Kennok.

Mrs. Carroll, relict of the late Anthony Carroll.

Suddenly. in the 63d year of her age, Mrs. Mary Ruckel, widow of the late Jasper Ruckel.

Mrs. Martha Feltus, wife of the rev. H. J. Feltus.

In the 79th year of his age, the rev. William O'Brian.

Mr. Thomas H. Smith, Sen. aged 71 years, for many years a respectable merchant of this city.

Mrs. Elizabeth C. Tingley.

Mr. Charles Barber.

On Tuesday last, William Hawley Grant, in the 10th year of his age.

Mr. John Benjamin Haight, aged 13, son of Mr. David L. Haight.

Mr. John Nelson, aged 44.

Suddenly, Mr. Benjamin Price, aged 27.

## ANECDOTE EXTRAORDINARY.

From the London Evangelical Magazine,  
For July, 1815.

On the 26th of July, 1814, three brigs which sailed together from Limerick, (Ireland,) bound to London laden with oats, butter and bacon, were taken as prizes by the American armed ship of war *Whig*, of 18 guns and 127 men, commanded by James Clark, Esq. The *Mary of Waterford*, after 100 casks of butter and 20 tierces of pork and beef were taken out, was burnt. Captain Clark then went on board the *Eliza*, W. Davis, master. Finding her cargo of oats to be of no service to him, he gave orders to set her on fire—But previously to carrying his orders into execution, he went into the cabin and cast his eye on a box with a hole in the top (similar to that which tradesmen have in their counters, through which they drop their money.)

At the sight of it and the inscription, he seemed a little surprised and said to the captain, "Captain, what is this?" "O," said he in reply "it is all over now." What," asked the American captain. "Why the truth is," said captain Davis, "that I and my poor fellows have been accustomed, every Monday, to put a certain sum each into that box, for the purpose of sending out missionaries to preach the gospel among the heathen. Its all over now." The American captain paused a little, with one end of his stick on the little box; and when he broke silence, said, "Captain, we Americans are not at war with you, nor with the like of you, but with your cursed government (please to excuse the expression) we are at war. Captain, as your cargo belongs to your government, I will utterly destroy it by throwing it overboard; but neither you nor your vessel will I by any means hurt." When Captain Clark understood by the regis-

ter of the other brig, the *Irish-Miner*, that part of her belonged to Captain Davis of the *Eliza*—He spared her cargo altogether. At parting, all that Captain Clark wanted of Captain Davis was, that should he be unfortunately taken by an English man-of-war, Capt Davis should come and see him with fifty guineas in his pocket for each vessel, which he gladly promised to do, without being called upon to fulfil his promise.—The underwriters at Lloyd's made Davis a present of twenty five guineas, with abundant thanks, for saving two brigs, and the cargo of one of them, worth together at least twenty two thousand pounds, or upwards of ninety-seven thousand dollars, by his missionary box.

Captain Probert who furnishes the above narrative, with an explanatory addition from the Magazine of the preceding March, to which he alludes, had it from Capt. Davis's own mouth. He testifies that he had often been in his cabin, but he would never let him leave it without a gentle hint to help the missionary box. He had hung it up conspicuously in the cabin, with the words "Missionary Box," painted on it. Capt. Davis who was a member of the Calvinistic Methodists in Cardigan, Wales, cast in sixpence, the mate threepence, and the seamen a penny each, every Monday morning throughout the year.

A sailor should learn to sail with all winds.

## THE MUSEUM

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